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WHOLE NO. 2020

Poetry.

LINES TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

BY MISS ANASTASIA GRAY.
Dear friend, the spring has come and gone,
When I thy face have seen;
The summer glories, too, have passed,
With flowers and leaf of green;
And Autumn winds are sighing now,
The foliage now is brown and bare,
And many-tinted forest leaves,
To gladden the scene, appear.
The groves are sad and silent, where
The singing birds have been;
And gentle thoughts come stealing o'er
The mind to such a scene:
But spring with all its long bright days,
Nor summer, with its flowers;
No time, nor absence, dearest friend,
Can sever hearts like ours.
Though Autumn leaves are falling now,
Our friendship still is green;
Though change is marked on nature's brow,
No change is in us seen.
Young friend, I call I upon thy hand,
All richest blessings pour,
I lead you to the cross of Christ;
For then I'll ask no more.
Moundville, Va.

EARLY FLOWERS.

BY W. F. PORTER.
On the hillside sleeping, so sweet, the gentle
Blossoms come;
Waking up with warm embraces, fragrant flowers
One by one;
Till the meadows, and the hillside, and the valley
Down below,
Sparkle with their wealth of blossoms, as they sparkle
In the glow of dawn.
First to meet the sun's caresses the Liverwort
With modest eye;
Reclining in its soft recesses, saucy from the arching
Sky;
Peeping through the umbrage of dry and seared
Leaves;
Tidily to meet the light its little head upraises.
Down behind yon mossy hillock, where reflected
Sunbeams lie,
Nies up the fragile Wind-dancer; there some friendly
Blossoms high
Shed light from the cold north wind, while they let
The southern play
Blossoms seek and smile the tender blossoms all the live-long
Day.
Where amid the clustering bushes some clear streamlet
Finds its way,
Blooms the gentle purple violet, sprinkled by the drift-
ing spray;
While the Crow-foot and Spring Beauty fill the mead-
ows all around,
And the little drooping Blue-bells cluster o'er each mossy
ground.
Warren, Ohio, April, 1855.

Choice Miscellany.

MR. PEPPER'S WIFE; AND HOW HER SITUATION HERE.

"Mrs. Pepper, I labor under the impression that it is high time you were getting breakfast. As my former housekeeper understood all my wishes, in regard to these things, I found it unnecessary to give any orders respecting them, but with you it is different. As you have never got a meal in this house, of course you know nothing of the regulations of the household."

In the first place you will make a fire in the kitchen, put on the teakettle, &c. Then you will make a fire in here; that done you will cook the breakfast and bring it in here, as I have always been accustomed to taking mine in bed, and I do not consider it necessary to depend on that custom on your account; but should you prefer it, you can eat yours in the kitchen, as it is perfectly immaterial to me."

This occurred the morning after Mrs. Pepper went to housekeeping. Mrs. Pepper was a sensible woman—she made no reply to Mr. Pepper's commands, but as soon as her toilet was finished, she left the room, and sitting down in the kitchen, she thus ruminated:

"Make the kitchen fire—yes I'll do that; then make a fire in the bedroom, I'll see to that too; then take the breakfast to his bedside—just see if I do!" And then Mrs. Pepper set down and thought deeply for a few minutes, when, apparently having arrived at a satisfactory conclusion, she proceeded to business.

Having got a nice fire kindled in the kitchen, she carried some coal into Mr. P.'s apartment, and filled up his stove, having first ascertained that there was not a spark of fire in it. That duty performed, she next prepared the breakfast, of which she partook with great relish, and after matters and things were all set to rights in the kitchen, she went down town on a shopping excursion.

Meanwhile, Mr. Pepper began to grow impatient. "He labored under the impression" that the atmosphere of his room did not grow warm very fast, and he began to feel unpleasantly hungry. Peeping out from behind the curtains, he saw how affairs were with regard to the stove. Something like a suspicion of the real state of affairs began to dawn upon his mind. He listened for a few minutes, but all was still about the house.

Hastily dressing himself, he proceeded to investigate the affair. He soon comprehended the whole of it, and was very wrathful at first; but he comforted himself with the reflection that he had the power to punish Mrs. P., and he felt bound to do it, too. After some search he found the remains of the breakfast, of which he partook with a gusto, and

then he sat down to wait for Mrs. P.—She was a long time in coming, and he had ample time to nurse his wrath. While sitting there, he thus soliloquized:

"That ever I, Philander Pepper, should be so treated, and by a woman, too, is not to be believed. I can't believe it, no, nor I won't either. But she shan't escape, that's certain; if she should, my reputation for dignity would be forever gone; for haven't I told Solomon Simpleton all along how I was going to make my wife stand around, and how I was going to make her get up and make the fire every morning, and let me lie in my bed, and how I was going to skat her up, and feed her on bread and water, if she dared to say she wouldn't do it?"

"A cozy little arrangement, Mr. Pepper," said a soft voice behind him.

Mr. P. started up, and there stood Mrs. P. right behind his chair, laughing just as hard as she could. Mr. P. put on a severe look.

"Sit down in that chair, madam," he said, pointing to the one he had just vacated, "while I have a little conversation with you."

"Now I should be pleased to know why you did not obey my orders this morning, and where you have been all this forenoon?"

"Where have I been this forenoon, Mr. Pepper, I have not the least objection to tell you; I have been down town doing a little shopping. I have purchased some lovely napkins; just look at them!" said she, holding them up deprecatingly for his inspection. "I only paid a dollar a piece for them; extremely cheap, don't you think so?" she added.

Mr. Pepper was astonished; how she dared to turn the conversation in this way, was a mystery to him. Suddenly his bottled wrath broke loose. Turning fiercely upon her he said—

"Betsey Jane you disgust me; you seem to make light of this matter; but it is more serious than you imagine, as you will find to your cost presently. If you do not instantly beg my pardon, in a submissive manner, I shall exert my authority to bring you to a proper sense of your misconduct, by imprisoning you in one of my chambers until you are willing to promise strict obedience to my wishes."

At the close of this very eloquent and dignified speech, Mr. Pepper drew himself up to his full height, and stationed himself before Mrs. P., ready to receive expressions of sorrow and penitence; as he had no doubt but that she would fall down at his feet and say—

"Dear Philander, won't you please to forgive me this time, and I'll never do so any more!"

And he was going to say, "Betsey Jane, you'd better not," but instead of doing all this, what do you think she did? Laughed him right in the face!

Mr. Pepper was awful wrathful. He spoke up to her in a voice of thunder and said—

"Mrs. Pepper, walk right up stairs, this very minute, and don't you let the grass grow under your feet while you are going, neither. You have begun your antics in good season, Mrs. Pepper, but I'll have you to know that it won't pay to continue them any length of time with me, Mrs. Pepper. Again I command you to walk up stairs."

"Well, really, Mr. P., it is not at all necessary for you to speak so loud—I am not so deaf as all that comes to; but as for walking up stairs, I have not the least objection to doing so, if you will wait until I have recovered from my fatigue; but I can't think of doing so before."

"But you must, Mrs. P."

"Then all that I have got to say is this, you'll have to carry me, for I won't walk!"

Mr. P. looked at his wife for a moment with the greatest astonishment; but as she began to laugh at him again he thought to himself—

"She thinks I won't do it, and hopes to get off in that way; but it won't do; up stairs she's got to go, if I do have to carry her; so here goes," and taking the form of his lady in his arms, he soon had the satisfaction of seeing her safely lodged, in her prison, and carefully locked her in, he stationed a little red-headed youth on the front door steps, to attend to callers, and also see that Mrs. P. did not escape; and then he betook himself to a restaurant for his dinner, and after despatching that, he hurried off to his office, and was soon engrossed in business.

About the middle of the forenoon, our young sentinel rushed into the office, and said, never stopping to take breath—

"Mr. Pepper had better run home just as fast as he can, for that woman what is shut up there is making an awful racket, and she is beating around there, and settling things the distressingest

kind, and if she beant splitting up something or other, then I don't know what splitting be!"

Without waiting to hear more, Mr. P. seized his hat, and hurried off home at a most dignified pace.

Opening the hall door, he stole up stairs as carefully as possible, and applying his eyes to the key-hole, he beheld a sight which made him fairly boil with rage.

Mrs. P. was sitting in front of the fire-place, reading his old love letters. The one she was engaged in perusing at that particular moment, was from a Miss Polly Primrose, who, it appeared, had once looked favorably on the suit of Mr. P.; but a more dashing lover appearing on the scene, Miss Polly sent him a letter of dismissal, promising her undying friendship, and accompanying the same with a lock of her hair, and some walnut meats.

But it was not the love letter alone that made Mr. P. so outrageous. He had been something of a traveler in his day, and had collected a great many curiosities in his rambles, which he had deposited in a cupboard in the very room where he had confined Mrs. Pepper, and she had got at them.

She had split up an elegant writing desk with his Indian battle-axe, in order to have a fire, as the day was rather chilly. In one corner of the fire-place was Mr. Pepper's best beaver, filled up with love letters.

On a small table close to Mrs. P., was a beautiful fish China dish, filled with bear's oil, in which she had sunk Mr. P.'s best satin cravat, and having fired one end of it, it afforded her sufficient light for her labors—for Mr. Pepper had closed the blinds, for the better security of his culprit.

On some coals in front of the fire, was Mr. P.'s silver christening bowl, in which Mrs. P. was popping corn, which she ever and anon stirred with the fiddle bow meanwhile, occasionally punching up the fire with the fiddle, for Mr. P. had with commendable foresight, removed the shovel and tongs.

Mr. P. condescended to peep through the keyhole until he had obtained a pretty correct idea of what was going on within. Never was there a Pepper so fired as he. He shook the door, but it was securely fastened within, and resisted all his efforts to open it. He ordered Mrs. Pepper to open it or take the consequences; but as she did not open it, it is to be presumed that she preferred the consequences. Mr. P. darted down the stairs like a mad man.

"I must put a stop to this," he thought, "or I shall not have a rag of clothes on my back."

Procuring a ladder, he began to mount to the bed room; but Mrs. P. was not to be taken so easily—She knew that he had left the door unlocked, for she had examined it as soon as he had left; but she had no idea of letting him have the benefit of her fire; so, hastily seizing several large bottles of cologne, she threw the contents upon the fire, and in a few minutes had extinguished. That duty performed, she left the apartment, and locking the door she stationed herself in a convenient position to hear everything that transpired within.

In a few moments Mr. P. was safe in the apartment, and as soon as he had closed the window, he stood bolt upright in the middle of the room, and said in a deep voice—

"Jezebel, come forth!"

No answer.

"Jade, do you think to escape?"

Still no response, Mr. P. begins to feel uneasy, and hastily commences to search the room; but he did not proceed far, when he hears a slight titter somewhere in the vicinity of the door. He listens a moment and it is repeated—

Darting to the door he attempts to open it, but finds himself a prisoner. There is but one more chance, he thinks, and hurries to the window; but alas for Mr. Pepper! his wife had just removed the ladder, and he cannot escape.

He sits down on a chair and looks ruefully around him; and presently he arises and picks up a few fragments of a letter which is lying on the carpet, and finds it is from Polly Primrose. He wonders what she has done with the lock of hair.

At this moment his eye falls upon his daguerreotype which is lying upon the table before him—mechanically taking it up, he opens it and sees—what? nothing but his own face. All the rest of him being rubbed off, and around his lovely lips is the missing curl, and the walnut meats are carefully stowed in the corner of the case. Mr. P. fairly blubbered aloud.

"Good!" thought Mrs. P.; "when you find your level, I'll let you out, and not till then. A little wholesome discipline will do you good, and I'm fully prepared to administer it."

How long Mrs. Pepper kept her liege lord in durance vile, deponent saith not, and as to what passed between them when he was released from captivity, we are not better informed, but of this we are sure, Mr. P. might have been seen, a morning or two afterwards, to put his head into the bedroom, and hear him say in a meek manner—

"Betsey Jane, I've made the kitchen fire; and put on the tea kettle; won't you please to get up and get breakfast?"

DON'T SPILL THE GRAVY.

Catlin, the famous American traveler and collector of Indian curiosities, has seen some stirring incidents in the course of his adventures. The following is related by a fellow-traveler, who gave Catlin the sobriquet of "Governor":

"One day, when we had landed, and most of our party were lying asleep on the boat, which was drawn under the shade of some large trees, the Governor and I had collected wood and made a large fire on this bank, two or three rods from the boat, over which we were roasting a fat pig, which I had shot from the boat during the morning. I was squat down on one side of the fire, holding a short-handled frying-pan in which we had made some very rich gravy, which the governor, who was squatting down opposite me, was ladling over the pig with an Indian wooden spoon. All of a sudden I observed his eye fixed upon something over my shoulder, when he said to me in a very low tone, 'Now I want you to keep perfectly cool, and don't spill your gravy: there is a splendid right right behind you!'"

I held fast to the frying-pan, and turning my head gradually around, I had full view of the fellow, within eight spaces of me, lying flat on his side, and with his paws lifting up and playing with the legs of one of our Spaniards who had laid himself down upon his belly, and was fast asleep. Our rifles were left in the boat! The Governor drew himself down the bank, on his hands and feet, ordering me not to move. I was in hopes he would have taken the old Minie, but he preferred his own weapon, and getting it to bear upon the beast, he was obliged to wait some minutes for it to raise its head, so as not to endanger the poor Spaniard; at the crack of the rifle the animal gave a piercing scream, and leapt about fifteen feet straight into the air, and fell quite dead. The Spaniard leapt nearly as far in a different direction; and, at the same instant, from behind a little bunch of bushes on the opposite side, and not half the distance from our fire, and right behind the Governor's back, where he had been sitting, sprang the mate, which darted into the thicket and disappeared. We skinned this beautiful animal, which was shot exactly between his eyes, and after all hands had withdrawn to the boat, waited several hours in hopes that the other one would show itself again; but we waited in vain, and lost our game."

KISSING IN RUSSIA.—Kissing, which with the Western nations is a custom, seems to be considered in Russia rather as a greeting, a national salute, a universal custom, derived from remote antiquity. A traveler in that country says not only husbands kiss their wives and fathers their children, whenever they enter and leave their apartments, though it be forty times a day, but men kiss each other—the Emperor kisses his officers—smart cadets are rewarded with an imperial kiss—old generals with rusty moustaches kiss—whole regiments kiss. It is said that one of the bridges in St. Petersburg is to this day called Potoski Most, or Bridge of Kisses, in commemoration of Peter the Great, who, having in a fit passion degraded an officer in face of his whole regiment, kissed the poor man in the same open way, upon the next public occasion, on this very bridge.

"RAREFIED MEAT."—The closing paragraph of an article from the pen of Henry Ward Beecher, is as follows: "Alas that we should have so many rarified men among us, who are so holy that they cannot quite touch the ground, and yet are not ethereal enough to rise entirely up, and therefore hang in an unpleasant oscillation between earth and heaven, quite uncertain in their own minds to which their duties belong."

Piety is not an end, but a means, through the purest repose of the spirit, to attain the highest culture. Therefore it may be remarked, that those who pursue piety as an end and aim, are mostly hypocrites.

"In the heraldry of Heaven," writes Bishop Horn, "goodness precedes greatness, so on earth it is often more powerful. The lowly and the loving may often do more in their own limited sphere than the gifted."

MEN WITH TAILS.

We published, some time since, an interesting article upon this subject, copied from some French paper. The New York Medical Times has the following further information in regard to this matter of human caudal appendages:

"Dr. Hulsch, Hospital Physician at Constantinople, has addressed a letter on the subject of 'Men with Tails,' which adds many interesting details to those already received from travelers. We will briefly lay before our readers the information more or less positive, which we possess, on the existence of this curious variety of the human species, and of which the earliest indication dates as far back as 1677."

Ms. Ertour.—At this time, when attention seems to be concentrated on a tail-bearing race, Niam-Niams, it gives me much pleasure to be able to add some observations which I have had occasion to make at Constantinople.

In 1852, I saw, for the first time, one of this race, a negress; struck by this phenomenon, I interrogated her master, a slave merchant. I was informed by him that there existed in Nigritia, a tribe called Niam-Niams; that all the members of this tribe bear the caudal appendix; and as exaggeration is a necessity to the oriental imagination, he assured me that he had seen the tails two feet in length. The one observed by me was smooth, without hair, and was two inches in length, and terminated in a point. The negress was black as ebony; her hair was crisped; the teeth were white, and inserted upon the alveolar process strongly inclining outwards. The four canines were filed, her eyes were injected with much redness, clothes were disagreeable to her; 'soon intelligence et au niveau de celle des gens de son espèce.'

Her master had offered her for sale for six months at an exceedingly low price, but was unable to sell her, the horror which she inspired not residing in her tail, but in her taste—which she took no pains to conceal—for human flesh.

Her tribe eat the flesh of prisoners taken in battle with the neighboring nation, with whom they are constantly at war. When any of them die, the relatives instead of interring the body, eat it; from this cause, there are no cemeteries in the country.

They do not all lead a wandering life, many of them construct huts with the branches of trees; they manufacture the implements of war and of agriculture, cultivating maize, grain, &c. Cattle are also bred by them.

The Niam-Niams have a language which is altogether primitive; it contains many Arabic words. They go entirely naked, and wish for nothing but to satisfy their sensual appetites. *Les fils couchent avec leurs meres, les freres avec leurs sœurs, etc.*; there is a frightful pell-mell. The strongest among them becomes their chief; he it is who leads them to battle, and it is he who divides the booty. It is not known whether they have any religion, but it is probable they have not from the facility with which they embrace any that is taught them. It is very difficult to civilize them, their instinct leading them always to search for human flesh; there are examples of slaves who have killed and then devoured the children of their master, who had been confided to their care.

I saw, last year, a man of this same race, having a tail one inch and a half long, covered with a few hairs. He seemed to be about 35 years of age, was robust, of good constitution, ebony black, and had the same particular conformation of the lower jaw, spoken of above, i. e., the alveolus incline outward. Their canines are filed in order to diminish their masticatory force.

The Niam-Niams are endowed with Herculean strength. The merchants reject them, as they are so very difficult to subjugate, and the people fear to confide in them the guard of their houses.

I knew, at Constantinople, the son of an apothecary, ten years of age, who was born with a tail, one inch in length; he belongs to the white Caucasian race. One of his ancestors presented the same anomaly. These phenomena are generally regarded, in the east, as a sign of brute force.

The Turks have known, for a long time, this race of men, and are very much astonished that scientific Europe seems to ignore their existence at this late day.

To sum up by a scientific view of the case, the existence of 'men with tails,' appears incontestable; and if travelers raise doubts on the subject, it is probably because they confound the Niam-Niams, their neighbors of the first, anthropophagi like them, but deprived of the appendage.

Five of the sweetest words in the English language begin with H—Hope, Home, Happiness and Heaven.

THE GULF STREAM.

It is believed by many that the waters of the Gulf Stream are nothing more or less than the waters of the river Amazon. This great father of waters is imbedded more than 1,000 miles immediately under the equator, and all its tributary streams for many thousand miles, are constantly pouring their hot water into this mighty reservoir of water. As these waters are gathered under the burning sun of the equator, they are extremely warm, far more so than the waters of the Atlantic under the equator. The great body of heated water shoots out into the Atlantic more than a hundred miles, in the face of the eternal trade winds.

The Amazon is sixty miles wide; after being embedded in its irresistible course, it curves off to the left, and scuds off before the strong trade winds till out of their reach. Driven along with great force, it takes its course round the great bay formed between the two continents of North and South America. Dashing along the Northern coast of the West India Islands, it leaves the shore of Cuba, proceeds along the shores of Florida, the Capes of Virginia, and the south coast of Newfoundland, ends its mission among the icebergs which float out of the northern ocean. Cut off the Gulf Stream, and it would not be many years before the North Atlantic would be filled with icebergs, and the port of New York would cease to be the centre of American commerce. Before the course of the Gulf Stream was known, ships from Europe to New York, in winter, used to sail first to Charleston S. C., then coast it down to Hudson. The voyage used to occupy them from six to eight months.

The Nantucket fishermen were the first to discover the course of the Gulf Stream, and while English captains were taking six months to reach New York they used to make it sometimes in one month. Vessels running north of this stream in winter get their sails and rigging frozen so that it is scarcely possible to make any headway. By running into the Stream they thaw out, for the water is always warm, and is known by this, and its intense deep blue color. It is provided as a reservoir of heat by the Great Governor of Worlds, to accomplish his grand purpose. It is the influence of this Stream which renders the climate of Britain so genial.

Were it diverted to break upon the coasts of Spain only, the Island of Britain would soon become a bleak, cold, inhospitable region, with a climate as cold, and a winter as long as Labrador; and Erin would cease to be named the Emerald Isle, for her fields would be covered with snow during eight months of the year, instead of green herbage. It appears from Geological evidences, that the Gulf Stream did not break upon the shores of Britain, and it was then as cold as Ireland.

Upon such harmonies of Nature's operations directed by an All-Wise Creator, do men and nations depend.—*Scientific American.*

As Irish soldier before Sebastopol writes as follows:

Every one goes to his duty as merry as a lark, caring as little for Russ or his balls as they do for the football they kick for sport. As illustrative of this, a few nights ago, while the 18th Royal Irish were going down the ravine that leads to Greenhill battery, they being for trench duty, a son of Erin thought he would amuse himself with one of his native airs, when he was reproved by an officer for daring to whistle in the ranks, and while going on duty. Just as the officer spoke, one of Russia's balls came whistling over the ravine. Pat cocks his eye up towards it, and quietly said, 'There goes a boy on duty; and, by Japers, hear how he whistles!'

IMAGINARY MONSTERS.—In order to grow wiser, perhaps we could hardly do better than recur to the little parable, spoken some time since, on the borders of Wales, by an itinerant preacher of the Evangelical Alliance: "I was going toward the hills, early one misty morning. I saw something moving on a mountain-side, so strange-looking that I took it for a monster. When I came nearer to it, I found it was a man. When I came up to him, I found he was my brother."

Will you take the life of Pierce or Scott this morning, madam?" said a newsboy to old aunt Betsy.

"No, my lad," she replied, "they may live to the end of their days for me—I've notbin' agin' 'em."

"Father," said a juvenile to his paternal guardian, who had the bad habit of alternating from piety to profanity, "I do think you ought to stop praying or swearing—I don't care which."

Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy.

ST. ANTHONY, MINN., May 25, 1855.
MESSRS. EDITORS:—In view of the very large emigration from all parts of the Union and the world, to this far off Territory of the North West, a few words may not be uninteresting from one of the many fortune-seekers from Trumbull.

From Cleveland westward I found myself in a heavily loaded train of cars, and nearly every passenger was an emigrant to the West. And as we passed through the vast regions of Michigan and Illinois, (which certainly offer strong inducements to those in search of a western home,) the number did not seem to diminish; and at Chicago, the turning-off place for Wisconsin bound, the number diminished so little that more cars were needed from that place to Galena than before. At the latter place undoubtedly many stopped or crossed over to Iowa, but still two large boats, which left that night for St. Paul, were fairly crowded to overflowing with passengers.

The river scenery from Galena up, is by far the most pleasant of any on the Mississippi. At this season of the year it is delightful. You are not once out of sight of islands, which are all covered with verdure, as are also the banks and high bluffs of the river. These bluffs are very high; sometimes three or four hundred feet. The scenery in the vicinity of Lake Piquin surpasses that of any other point, and in beauty exceeds anything I ever saw. The lake is two or three miles wide, and thirty miles long, and as we came up, its surface was as smooth as glass. A great place for fish, this Lake Piquin. You see them all around leap out of water, displaying their full length, sometimes two or three feet.

Maiden Rock is the most attractive point in Lake Piquin. It is 400 feet high, and the upper half perpendicular, and receives its name from an Indian legend. An Indian maiden was desired by her parents to marry a brave of the tribe, and her wedding day was set. She loved a daring white hunter, and resisted the desire of her parents. Finding her resistance was of no avail, as the Indians were encamped in the vicinity of this rock, she climbed to the top, and in a loud voice commenced to reproach her parents below. Seeing her determination, they entreated her, and told her she might marry whom she chose, but it was all of no avail. She sung her death dirge, and leaped from the fearful height.

Well, in due time we arrived at St. Paul, which beats all, so far, in its growth;—having now about 8,000 inhabitants. It is a very pretty place, slightly, healthy, with good hotels, (and good prices, of course,) and rapidly improving in size and beauty.

This place (St. Anthony), is situated 14 miles by river, and 9 miles by road above St. Paul. Between the two places are some of the nicest farms I have ever seen. There is to be a great city here at St. Anthony Falls; there is no avoiding it. This is the only really practical place for a railroad bridge over the "Father of Waters," and to say that there will eventually be a railroad from here to the Pacific is just as probable as to say there will be one at all. And then the water power here, would build a city any where in America. Already is nearly one-half the channel of the river in one place occupied by a gigantic saw mill—running eight or ten saws night and day. And flouring mills, &c., are now drawing their power from these Falls. In a word, the water power is incalculable—can be used all along for two or three miles. On the opposite side of the river the town building is called Minneapolis, and is beautifully located for a large place. Eventually the whole neighborhood of the Falls will be one big city—Already a wire suspension bridge spans the river—the first bridge ever built over the Mississippi. It was partly destroyed by wind this spring, but will be repaired again in a few weeks.

I have not seen so much of the country here as I hope to ere long, but I have seen enough to convince me that this is a great country. I unhesitatingly say that there is as good soil for farming here as there is in America, that there is more woodland than in any of the Western prairie states, and that there is lumber enough "up country" to wear out several generations of the "piny boys," in the getting of it. I suppose, also, that the climate is as pleasant in Northern Ohio with its changes. I was much surprised at the rapid advance which has been made here in society—at the schools and churches, and newspapers, (sure indication of a fine society,) there being 13 or 14 in the Territory, and others projected—5 of them daily. The people here are mostly eastern born—a great many lumbermen from Maine and New Hampshire. The society is much better in that respect than it is in Wisconsin, Illinois or Iowa.

RECIPE FOR FLOATING.—Any human being who will have the presence of mind to clasp his hands behind the back, and turn the face towards the zenith, may float at ease in perfect safety in tolerably still water—say, and sleep there, no matter how long. If not knowing how to swim you would escape drowning when, you find yourself in deep water, you have only to consider yourself an empty pitcher—let your mouth and nose, not the top of your heavy head, be the highest part of you and you are safe. But thrust up one of your bony hands and down you go; turning up the handle tips over the pitcher. Having had the happiness to prevent one or two from drowning by this simple instruction, we publish it for the benefit of all who either love aquatic sports or dread them.

There are, at the lowest calculation, five hundred pages royal octavo of meaning in the twenty-seven words following:—"A fool in high station is like a man on the top of a monument—everything appears small to him, and he appears small to everybody."

[In speaking of a tribe of 1500 Winnebago Indians encamped in the neighborhood, our correspondent says:]

It is very painful for one who has received his notion of Indian life and character from reading of the brave, high-spirited and wise King Philip, Powhatan, Tecumseh, and Black Hawk, to look at these Winnebagos and see the marks of indolence, vice, want of pride and indifference to insult. And then the person who has read of Pocahontas and the thousand Indian beauties of the novelist, has his romantic notions decidedly shocked on seeing these tame, greasy, filthy, sluggish squaws of the Winnebago. I have no doubt they are greatly degenerated from their early state, and I have no more, also, that we in childhood, have received too favorable an account of their early condition. They seem to adopt the vices, only, of the whites.—The first they learn of our language is to swear. One of the great causes of their diminished numbers, is their love of drink—whisky has killed more red men, than ever did the white man's rifle. They readily become inveterate thieves, liars and gamblers. All their degeneracies are directly chargeable at the door of the whites who go among them. They have the white man's passion, yes, more, and without his controlling judgment.

I gave much pleasure, however, to see the action of their principle child, Winnebago. He seemed to be a man of considerable intelligence, and readily apprehends all the vicious tendencies of the Indian character. He is strictly temperate, and fails not to punish intemperance. In a speech here he warned his people not to drink, and when two of them did get drunk, he had them brought before him and severely whipped. The laws of this Territory make a penitentiary offence of selling liquor to an Indian.

A. J. U.

THE FIRST SAGAR.

Among a certain class of ill trained boys, smoking and chewing tobacco are thought to be unquestionable requisites to all who may be considered manly and independent. A few days ago, I saw a ragged, pale-faced, sorry-looking boy, about seven years old, puffing what was evidently his first sagar. He stood leaning against a house, his cheeks drawn in, his eyes red and watery, his countenance bearing the expression of anguish, and altogether looked as though he were ready to repent of his foolish bargain.

Several other lads a little older stood around, encouraging him, and anxiously awaiting the result of the experiment. "Poor, silly boy! He probably thought it was a fine manly thing he was learning, instead of a dirty, disgusting and unhealthy habit, which will prove a curse to him as long as he lives, if not broken up. I can hardly believe he would have endured the deathly nausea of the first sagar, with such martyr-like patience, had he suspected the real nature of the process he was going through."

There are other boys every day going through the same initiatory steps, under the same strange delusion. Some in whose hands this book will fall, may be exposed to the same danger! To such I would say, beware how you acquire this habit. The use of tobacco, whether chewing, snuffing, or smoking, is both a physical and moral evil, and evil continually. The most skillful physicians in the world have testified to its dangerous effects upon the system. The most eminent men in the various other walks of life, clergymen and teachers, judges and lawyers, men of literature and art, science and morals, have denounced the use of tobacco as one of the greatest evils of the day. It would be difficult to find a candid and well-formed man, who would seriously deny this position, so well established is the fact.—*Boy's Own Guide.*

RECIPE FOR FLOAT